

## The Escapades of Hawkins Rock, Maine by homosexualbyers

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**Summary:**

2 groups of friends, one annoying cousin, one wild night and a whole lot of alcohol bring more than any of the boys asked for.

## 1. meeting

Monday mornings were slow and blurry. Some tired from a late night studying or reading the latest Batman issue under their covers, some hungover, all regretting their decision to do whatever they did the night before the first day back after summer vacation. Chris Chambers was one of the hungover ones. He'd still gotten up earlier than need be to catch a morning smoke with Gordie by the dumpsters behind the school though. He wasn't one to miss out on back to school tradition.

His boyfriend took one final drag of his cigarette before stomping it out. Gordie enjoyed cigarettes on mornings like these, the foul taste was a good shock to wake him up just a little more.

Gordie pats Chris on the chest and coughs. "Try to stay at least a little out of trouble today, Chambers." He calls over his shoulder as he goes in the back entrance.

"Only if you ain't such a wet head, Lachance." Chris says back.

He takes another drag of his cigarette as he peers around the corner of the building where he can just see all the other students cars lining up outside the gates. He hated hiding back here. The patio out near the football field had nice benches and smelled better too but their secret location was a precaution they had to take. He and Gordie had kissed for the first time in the back end of their Sophomore year and had been seeing each other regularly since with their parents and fellow students in Hawkins Rock not exactly being in the know about it. Not exactly meaning not at all and they didn't want anyone getting the idea that Chris Chambers took Gordie Lachance out back to the dumpsters to make out a couple times and smoke some cigarettes.

Chris spots Mike riding through the gates and stubs out his cigarette and walks round the building to the bike sheds to meet him. Mike's aggravated as he dismounts, slamming his bike into the stand. By now bikes are funnelling in the gates and cars are starting to block up the lot out front, the rabble filing in and splitting off into groups.

"Patio now." Mike huffs. Mike storms in the direction of the football field, Chris jogging after him.

"Hi ho, Silver, away!" Bill bellows, gliding to stop outside the bike sheds. Will skids to a stop beside him and the two scan through the crowd for their friend. "His buh-bike's here." Bill points out the rusting red ride in one of the middle stands. He and Will slide their bikes in either side of it.

"Told you he came in early again." Will tells him. "He's probably just worried his summer essay for Finley isn't enough yet and wanted to check it over." But Will knew for a fact Gordie had gotten it done weeks ago because it had been checked with him twice.

The boys join the crowd heading for the Schools double doors and sure enough find Gordie sat against the wall outside their homeroom writing in one of his notebooks. They slump down either side of him.

"This is the big one, boys." Gordie says, not looking up from his writing.

Bill sighs, his head leaning back against the wall plaster. "Yeah,

harder..." He said.

"More boring..." Gordie continues.

"And just as terrifying as the last." Will finishes.

They all laughed. It was a vast over exaggeration. Each of them enjoyed every if not most of the educational challenges thrown their way but the extra interaction with other dumber teenagers was... tiring.

Will squeals, "That reminds me!" He takes a polaroid camera out of his bag and turns it on him and his friends and smiles widely up at it. "Say 'senior year'."

"You're a sentimental fuck, Byers." Gordie mutters, still not looking up from his writing.

Bill angles his head to the side and stares deadly into the camera.

"Senior year." All three groan as the camera flashes.

"Someone's gotta be!" Will tells Gordie. He takes the polaroid, shakes it and writes 'Senior Year' underneath the photo. "These are 'the best years of our lives that we should all cherish.'" He says, quoting all three of their parents at once.

Bill smiles at his friend and the three go inside the classroom and sit in a row vertically by the window. Will begins doodling on the back of the polaroid. Every school year, every Halloween and every Christmas he took a polaroid selfie of the trio together and kept them in a box beside his bed. It was fascinating to him to see how their appearances and personalities differ between each photograph and he liked to see his drawing skills progress on the backs too. And sure he had some sentimentality for his small group of friends.

Gordie had drawn his attention away from his writing, watching Chris sat out on the patio, listening to a fired up friend. Gordie liked his homeroom, it was quiet and even if he couldn't be out there with Chris he had a perfect view of the smoking patio and he settled for just watching and imaging being there.

"Wait, wait, wait start again." Chris waves his hands through the air.

Mike takes Chris's cigarettes out of his top pocket, puts one between his teeth and hands Chris another. He shouldn't have another after his morning smoke with Gordie but he takes it to not raise any suspicion. And by the looks of it Mike needed his smoking buddy. Mike lights both their cigarettes.

"My dumbass cousin moved here from Derry and now I have to babysit him like forever." Mike takes a long drag of smoke and sits up on the table of one of the picnic benches.

"Where is he now?" Chris asks.

Mike shrugs. "Ditched him at the gate." He replies.

"Jesus, Mike! You can't leave him. He'll be lost already." He nudges his friend's shoulder lightly, emphasising his words.

Mike shakes his head. "The little shit will be fine. I'll go find him after i've finished this smoke."

Chris sighs soft and lies back on the table behind Mike. "It can't be that bad. He can hang with us for a couple weeks, get his bearings and we'll send him on his way."

Mike tuts. "You haven't met him, have you? He's like a leech, an annoying leech. He won't leave me alone."

Chris chuckles and pats his friend on the shoulder. "Said the same thing about you when I first met you." He says coolly.

"Ha Ha." Mike grumbles. He takes one final drag and stomps it out and glares back at his friend. "I'm gonna go find speck-shit and I'll catch you up in homeroom."

Chris smirks. "Speck-shit? Really, Wheeler? Do you kiss your mother with that mouth?" He mocks after his friend. Chris blows smoke into the air above him and tilts head to the side and finds Gordie watching him from a second floor window and salutes him. He can't see his face from here but he knows Gordie is rolling his eyes.

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The bell rings deafeningly through the halls as students spill out into them. Will and Gordie lead the way out of their English class.

“See, I told you that essay was great, didn’t I?” Will says.

Gordie rolls his eyes. “Yeah, yeah you did, Will the wise.” He shrugs at the smaller boy.

The two look around for Bill for a moment then join the crowd to the lunch room. Will goes and finds them a seat and gets out his packed lunch whilst Gordie joins the line for school lunch. Chris passes the line with Mike and the two eyed each other for brief enough moments that no one would realise. Gordie sneaked another look at the back of him. *Holy shit, Chris has a nice ass* he thought to himself. Then he thought he saw something else. What was that? Did Mike walk past again? He turns to check and sees no one but a lanky kid in a bright hawaiian shirt, nowhere near something one of Chris’s friends would wear.

The guy behind him shoved him. “Come on, get going! It’s your turn.” He shouts in his ear.

Gordie rushed through getting him food and found Will sat at the front of the room eating sandwiches and flipping through a comic and joined him.

“Hey, does Mike Wheeler have a twin?” Gordie asks.

Without a thought Will replies “No.”

“That’s what I thought. I swear, I just saw double.” Gordie says.

Will slides over the comic he was reading. “I read this last night and you’ve got to look at it, Gordie! I think it could be Batman’s best yet.” His eyes shine and he bites his bottom lip tight in excitement.

Gordie raises his eyebrows sarcastically in response and flicks it to the first page. Will had a big love for comic books, they all had as freshmen but Will... Will was one of the ones who stayed up the night before reading comic books. He hadn’t grown out of it and didn’t seem to be any time soon. His passion for drawing fuelled it, it seemed crazy to Gordie that Will would read even the weakest writing just for the beauty of the art. But in ways that made them a great pair. What Gordie wrote, Will could draw and Bill could do both so he drifted somewhere in between. Gordie felt however, that there was something more to it, like Will wanted to keep that grip onto childhood just a little longer.

Bill puts his tray down opposite them and sits. “Duh-Duh-Did you guys hear there’s a nuh-new kid?” He asks.

“Does he look anything like Mike Wheeler by any chance?” Gordie replies, not looking up from Will’s comic.



“Yeah. Abby in my English class was talking about him. He’s Mike’s cous-cousin who’s just moved from Derry.” He stirs his salad around with his fork, thinking. “Word huh-has it he’s a l-ladykiller. Do you think he’ll be trouble? Mike is Chris Chambers’ best friend.”

“What’s that supposed to mean?” Gordie snaps, looking up at Bill for the first time since he sat down.

“Yeah, well, Chris is a popular kid.”

“And? He’s never given us trouble before.”

“No, he hasn’t. Chris is a good guy.” Will says. “I’ve known Mike since kindergarten and he was a loser until high school when he started hanging around with Chris.” Will hoped that didn’t come out bitterly because he and Mike, who were once best friends, had drawn apart since then. Will missed him so much that a part of him still hoped every time they passed each other in the halls that he’d stop and talk to him or radio for him to come play DnD one more time.

Bill shrugs. “Okay, guh-geez. Why’s this such a sensitive subject?” He asks, looking confused between his two friends who were both staring him down disgustedly.

Both boys break into embarrassed shrugs and look down at their food. The boys eat the rest of their lunch in silence. The bell goes and they head off out of the lunchroom and up some stairs.

Bill fumbles to unfold his new timetable, he's still thinking over why his friends snapped at him like that. They always shittalked the popular kids, it was one of the few things that got them through the years. Gordie enjoyed it the most. "Cuh-Chemistry. Mrs Fernland." Bill says.

"Me too." Gordie says.

"I've got Mr Jefferson." says Will.

The doors at the top of the stairs open and Chris and Mike come through them. Will, who was leading the group, let them pass and watched the back of Mike's head as he thought for a moment. "It's weird though. There's an exact replica of Mike at the same school. That can't be a coincidence."

"Yeah, like aliens." Gordie chuckled and takes off ahead of them through the doors.

The other two follow but Gordie is already lost in the crowd.

"Wuh-what's up with him? Chris Chambers has never talked to him in his life." Bill says.

Will shrugs. "He was quiet in English this morning." Which was odd because English was his favourite subject and he was usually the

first and sometimes only student to speak in class discussions. “He wrote in his notebook whilst Finley was talking through the whole first half hour and he seemed kinda out of it. Maybe something happened over summer?”

Bill laughs. “With Cuh-Chris Chambers?”

The halls get quieter and both boys realise they’ve got places to be and they both practically jog off in separate directions. Bill stumbles over his own feet as he drastically picks up the pace towards his room as it closes just before he can get there. *Shit, shit, shit, shit*. Bill peers through the window in the door and sees that Mrs Fernland is still writing out the starter activity for the lesson and Gordie had taken the last seat on the front row. The rest of the classes attention was turned to one boy in the back row who was stood on his stool addressing the crowd. He looked tall even if he wasn’t stood on the stool and had long tangled brown hair and thick glasses that magnified his eyes and his mouth didn’t seem to stop jabbering.

Bill knocked on the door and Mrs Fernland let him in. “Suh- Sorry, Mrs Fernland, I got caught up at lunch.” He rushes to explain.

“That’s okay, Bill. It seems you’ve being able to finally shut up our new student. You can go sit by Richie at the back there.” Mrs Fernland says, rolling her eyes in mock exhaustion at Bill, one of her favourite students.

She was right. The new kid had now taken his seat and his face remained still as he stared on at the exchange between the teacher and student, more at Bill than Mrs Fernland. He mouth however remained agape but made no sound and because of that the whole class had followed his gaze. Bill found himself blushing pink as he

approached him and sat down.

Richie snaps out of his trance when Bill scraps his stool forward and the boy tries (and fails) to coolly extend his hand to be shaken by Bill. "Richie Tozier, nice to meetcha!" He introduces himself.

"B-B-Bill Denbrough." Bill responds, busying himself with getting out his textbooks and notepad.

"B-B-Bill?"

Bill blushes and trains his eyes ahead to the front of the class.

Richie face palms. "Oh, sorry!" He huffs. "I'm not making fun, I think it's sweet. I keep forgetting no one here knows me as well as back home. I'm always being a dick, I don't mean no harm."

"You're n-not being a duh-dick. It's okay." Bill says, turning to face him again.

Richie stares at him right in the eyes which makes Bill squirm and look away again. Richie looks down at Bill's science textbook. *Fuck, He is one of the prettiest boys I've ever seen!* he thought.

Richie grinned at him. "Thanks, B-B-Bill. That's sweet of you."

Richie squints at the board. "Discuss with your partner: what is your favourite memory of this summer?" He reads out. "What's that got to do with Chemistry?" He asks.

"Mrs Fernland is a less than con-conventional Chemistry teacher. She likes to get to know us, lets us have fun before we do all the Science stuff." Bill tells him.

Richie nods. "So we're about to get all mushy-mushy, getting to know each other and shit?"

Bill smiled slightly at that. "Me and my friends, Gordie and Will went to see Star Wars together then Will's Mom took us to get ice cream after. That's my greatest memory."

Richie chuckles. "Ice cream?"

Bill looks away from him and frowns. "What's your favourite summer memory, Richie?"

"Me and my friends killed a demon clown." He replies blankly.

Bill's eyebrows raised high. "Seriously?" He asks. He'd heard of killings in Derry but he didn't think they were that serious. But Richie seems completely serious, his eyes are vacant and stare off at the workbench in front of them but he seemed detached from that like he was staring into nothingness.

“No. There’s no such thing as killer demon clowns!” Richie broke into laughter at that.

Bill chuckles along, feeling Richie’s laughter envelop him. “You’re kidding?”

Richie nods and leans closer to Bill. “I’m kidding and it was worth it for your fucking face.”

They share a smirky look that Bill waits and waits for to stop but Richie keeps dragging it out and Bill raises his eyebrows in question. Bill clears his throat, this couldn’t be happening to him, Richie’s wide eyes were staring right at him, whilst he so *naturally* smiled, and they were so warm, so so warm and now Bill didn’t know where to look or where to put his hands.

Bill clears his throat and scooches away from him a little bit. “S-s-s-so what’s a-actually your fav-favourite summer muh-memory?”

Richie kicks his feet out in front of him and detaches himself from looking at Bill. “I spent the summer, just you know, messing around with my friends.” He didn’t really seem to think much of that as he mulled his summer over. Then he remembered something and sparked up. “I guess... I guess a pretty good night was after I’d had the shittiest week. Bev, she was my best friend, Bev could get these cheap beers from one of the stores just off main street cause the owner was real sweet on her. She bought a whole crate of them just for us and we sat and drank and sung songs in this field. We stayed out so late she said her parents were shitting it when she got back and she looked a real mess at school the morning after.”

“Oh...” Bill starts but gets cut off by Mrs Fernland demanding silence from the class and starts calling on students one by one to tell the class their favourite memory.

Bill watches Richie out of the corner of his eye whilst she talks, he never seemed to stop moving whether he was tapping the table with his short bitten off fingernails or folds the top right corner of his textbook. The big one was when he removed his glasses to wipe them and fiddle with the earpieces and he revealed a sprinkle of tiny freckles along his nose, they were dainty and Bill's throat clenched.

Then he recognised Gordie's voice talking about Star Wars and ice cream. Shit, he had to think of a new memory.

## 2. party

The morning of the second day back after summer break is usually a little easier. The headache of returning to 7am starts has started to settle in and the ride in is now filled with back to school rumours like who already had the honour of being on the school bully, Brad McGiggins, hit list or Ashley Brady bragging of a wild night she'd had in Spain over break. Well, save for Bill, Gordie and Will who were on a completely different train of thought with Will going on and on about one of his not so secret loves, teen coming-of-age movies.

"We should catch a showing on Saturday! The Breakfast Club is a classic and you never know when you'll be able to see it in the theaters again." He tells the silent boys, they weren't into these movies as much as he is, there weren't enough spaceships. The three drag their bikes into the shed and slot them into stands beside each other.

"Wuh-which ones that again?" Bill asks.

"It's the one about the kids who get sent to detention on a Saturday. It's got this really sweet nerd in it. I guarantee you'll bawl, Bill." The smaller boy beams as he thinks about it for a second.

Bill caught Gordie's eye and smiled at their friends clear passion whilst Gordie rolled his eyes.

Will and Bill clicked the locks on the bikes and started to walk towards the building. "So h-how much is it?" Bill asked, trying his hardest to sound enthusiastic.



“\$4.99. It’s a fan showing, you know for their coming of age month that the Artcraft is doing, so it’s a little more than your regular showing but it’s really worth it.”

Gordie hung back and tried to fight his key to twist in the lock, it was always a toughy to get the blasted thing to work.

Out of nowhere Chris swung round from behind him and sat opposite him on Will’s bike and quickly kissed Gordie on the cheek. “Hey, baby. How you feeling?” He asked.

“Better.” Gordie grumbled.

Last night Gordie’s parents were extra distant since it was just weeks until the anniversary of his brother Denny’s death. This time they hadn’t acknowledged him when he was home from school, hadn’t made him dinner or asked how his day was, or even demanded he be in bed early for school tomorrow. And with that Gordie’s day had been bad enough. Chris knew the first day back after summer vacation was hard on him since he had to go from spending everyday with Chris, going on dates in the city that’s a couple miles away and lounging about all day in each other rooms to pretending they didn’t even know each other just like that. The night had ended with Gordie showing up at Chris’s window and the two of them going for a drive out of town where Gordie would watch the trees roll by and cry with just the two of them there and he could say whatever the heck he wanted.

Chris watched his boyfriend closely and considered the way he should word what he wanted to say. “Gordo, I know you were

looking forward to drinks on Friday but the lads won't let the idea of this party go easily and I'm gonna have to do it." He says softly, keeping his gaze on Gordie's tired brown eyes.

Gordie finally clicked the lock shut and swung his bag over his shoulder. He narrowed his eyes back at Chris. "Come on, Chris. A party on the first week back?"

Chris shrugs. "100% not my idea. I'm sorry, okay? We'll spend all Saturday together." He reached across and squeezed the top of Gordie's hand.

Gordie slumps on the top of his bike and huffed. "Will's wanting to go see some movie on Saturday." He mumbled sadly.

"Cancel it then."

"It's Will's favourite thing in the world there's no way I'm doing that."

Gordie looked at their touching knees. This fucking sucked. He just wished he and Chris weren't so backed into a corner, or bike shed, all the time.

"We can't keep hiding, you know? It's just gonna keep getting harder. And *harder*." Gordie tells him.

"I know." He mumbles back.

Chris notices how long the other boys eyelashes are and how softly they flutter as he looks down and pouted his lips. "Hey, what about I get my climbing boots on and on Saturday night I come in through your window? We could spend the night together." He smirked and his hand travels up the other boys thigh.

The corners of Gordie's lips curl up in a smile. "Sure." He responds. Even he can't hide the joy in his voice.

Chris reaches into Gordie's top jacket pocket and takes the yellow pencil he knows Gordie keeps stored there and he slides his hand round into Gordie's back pocket and retrieves his smallest most secret notebook. He scribbles something on the inside of the cover and pushing Gordie's hair back gently (He had grown it out a great deal in the last year and Chris thought it was hot) he places the pencil behind Gordie's ear. He gave back the notebook and left out the back of the shed.

Gordie couldn't help but wildly grin at the words Chris had written there. They were still as sweet no matter how much he read or heard them from Chris.

*I love you, Gordie Lachance.*

Gordie folded the notebook and stuffed it in his inside pocket and hurried out of the shed. Bill and Will were waiting for him by the schools entrance. Will has laced his hands together over Bill's right shoulder and is incessantly pleading him.

“Fine, fine, fine!” Bill says, stopping him mid plead and making him squeal and clap. Bill scruffs the boys hair softly and pushes him away. They both beam at each other.

“Where’d you go?” Bill asks as Gordie joins up with them and they head inside.

Gordie shrugged. “I don’t know. Damn key keeps getting jammed.” He says under his breath.

“You’re coming on Saturday right, Gordie?” Will asks.

“Yeah, sure. Wouldn’t miss it for the world.” He nods.

Bill spots Richie from a while off facing away from them getting books out of his locker. He turns and almost drops them in a scramble to wave at Bill.

“Good Morning, Richie.” Bill greets, chuckling sweetly.

“Good day, old chap!” Richie replies in a hurried and horrid british accent.

Bill furrows his eyebrows in confusion at that and continues walking with Gordie and Will who seem baffled and keep looking between

Bill and Richie.

Richie rushes to catch up with them and puts his arm around Bill. "Billiam-"

"Billiam? What?" Bill laughs.

The two dawdle behind and Gordie and Will wait in their usual morning spot outside their homeroom.

Gordie glares back at the approaching pair. "How did that-"

"I know, it's weird. He looks exactly like him." Will injects, in a daze and staring at their friend and the newcomer as well but far differently to the sceptical Gordie. Will looks like something absolutely perfect just walked into his life.

Will catches Gordie staring at him and he gives him a meek smile and looks down at his sneakers. "Aliens." He chuckles, a little bashful.

Richie arrives then, arm still around Bill and puts his other arm around Will. "Are we getting Little Bit hammered on Friday too?" He asks Bill, squeezing Will extra tight to which he squirms.

Will looks up at him wide eyed and then at Bill who was stumbling over his words.

Gordie kept glaring at Richie. *Don't say it, don't say it, don't say it* he thought.

"Chris Chambers is throwing a party on Friday and you're all invited!" He said, pointing at each of them.

*Fuck, he said it.*

"What? We can't go to a Chris Chambers party." Gordie tells them immediately.

"Why not?" Richie asks, imitating Gordie's snarky tone.

Gordie furrows his eyebrows at him and he tries to look taller than he actually is. "We don't know Chris Chambers." He tells him.

"I th-thought you wuh-were the one who said Chris hasn't ever given us trouble before." Bill says, finally finding his voice.

Gordie shot him a look. "He hasn't. But we aren't exactly friends with him though, are we?" He snaps back.

Richie grins wide at that. "Luckily for you, Grumps, I am." He unravels his arm from around Will and extends his hand to Gordie. "I promise, my dude, it'll be cool." He says.

Gordie shakes it begrudgingly.

Richie turns back to Will and puts both hands on his shoulders. ‘So Willster, are you in?’ He asks in a weak Australian accent that’s more Londoner than Outback.

Will looks to Bill for reassurance, who sweetly smiled, and he nodded with a gulp.

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The rest of the week with Richie by their sides proved hectic for the boys. By his third day at Hawkins Rock High Richie had already gotten into his first argument. A basketball player had pushed past him and Will in the lunch line and Richie yelled something about being that nasty with his mother last night at him and he suffered a punch to the stomach for it. Bill had had to practically carry him back to their table. He’d ruffled up the group of nerds and had split them right up in their reactions.

Gordie hated him. As plain and simple as that.

Will was curious and as kind as ever but terrified. Although he couldn’t deny Richie excited him.

When he was with Richie Bill felt something soften within him and

not knowing what it was he felt on edge the whole time.

Now the three boys stood on the lawn of their first high school party, a Chris Chambers one no less, being the embodiment of the phrase ‘a fish out of water’ and hoping, praying, their loud mouth friend would be here somewhere. Music boomed above them and light constantly flashed against their faces as they eyed all the droves of people spilling to the front door and around the back of the house. Both Bill and Will were starting to sweat whereas Gordie had his hands in his hoodie pockets and wasn't looking at the house. Gordie was trying to devise the best way to avoid Chris all evening or maybe convince his friends to leave early.

Richie waved both his arms in the air as he stumbled out onto the porch. Will and Bill wave shyly and Will whimpers slightly when Richie jumps the steps and slings them both into a hug.

“Can you feel that? The beat in your stomach, B-B-Bill. Doesn't it make you feel alive? Something amazing is going to happen tonight, I can feel it.” Richie said.

That was just the music vibrating through the ground, Bill thought. “Oh, yeah. Definitely,” He nods.

Richie puts his arm on Bill's shoulder. “Let's get you a drink, B-B-Bill.” He says. He walks him towards the house.

Will watches Bill smile and blush as they go inside then he looks at Gordie. “Maybe we should...” He says, nodding towards the house.



Gordie shrugged and looked away, moping.

“Gords, relax okay? I promise it’ll be chill. You might even get to talk to Chris fucking Chambers.” Will said. He smiles at him, cocks his eyebrow and starts towards the house.

Gordie smiles back. If only he knew. He catches up with him and ruffles his friends hair which makes them both giggle. They stay close as they enter the house.

Inside was a tight fit, the front hallway filled with tall swaying bodies. The two had to stand on their tippy-toes and stretch their necks to try find their friends. Of course it’d be the two shortest ones that got split off from the group.

“Do you see them Gords?” Will shouted over the music.

Gordie shakes his head. “I’m going to go check over here, you find the living room or something.” He says.

But Will grabs tightly onto his arm before he can go. He looks at him, worry and panic begging him not to leave him.

Gordie places his hand on top of Will’s. “I’m just going to get us drinks. You’ll be fine okay.” He smiles warmly at his friend, the front of his teeth just peaking out and his cheeks getting big. It was a

natural smile, had a calming essence. Will swears he doesn't see him smile like that often but he was glad to receive it every now and then.

Will nods.

Gordie liked Will. He saw things differently to others and noticed things others didn't but he only spoken on them when he knew he need to. He had a feeling one of those things he knew was about him and Chris but he preferred not to think about that. He respected that even if he did know Will was nowhere close to bringing it up.

Gordie kept his head down as he walked to the kitchen, he avoid even remotely looking in any of Chris' friends directions. He grabbed himself a Heineken and looked around the counter of beer, spirits and the occasional wine bottle for a drink Will might like. Had Will even drank before? He though. Why was Will even here? He was far from the type to be here. So was Bill. But Bill was a mystery lately. Bill was so so set on this party, so set on Richie with no fathomable meaning that he could see. Over this week Bill had being more rowdy and outright than he'd ever been. He'd talked back to teachers and talk during study hours. Gordie figured his type was changing. He thought about if his type would ever change and what it'd change into and if that type would make things with Chris easier.

He fixed Will up a Smirnoff ice and turned to leave when he almost walks into Chris.

Chris smirks down at him and cocks his eyebrow slightly. He pulls Gordie into the laundry room just off the kitchen. "What are you doing in my house, Lachance?" He asks snarkily.

“I’m surprised you know my name, Chambers.” He bites his lip then grins up at his boyfriend.

Chris’ fingers drift up Gordie’s chest. “Look at you. First party.” Chris chuckles. His hands end up in Gordie’s hair and he pulled his lips on his.

Gordie whimpers and opens his mouth to let Chris’ tongue slip into his. He could taste the cigarette smoke and the alcohol, it was rough and it was what he loved.

Chris takes the drinks out of his hands and sets them on top of the dryer and then lifts Gordie by his thighs on top of it too. His hands travel up Gordie’s thighs and start to squeeze them gently. Gordie’s hands wrap around Chris and he pulls himself into the kiss, reaching under Chris’ shirt to claw at his back.

Chris groaned and pulled away which had Gordie smiling. He knew Chris liked that.

“Not here, stupid.” Chris said, poking Gordie on the nose. He let Gordie down off the dryer and out the door and through the crowd.

They went upstairs together, in that buzzed moment not caring about who saw them. Gordie remembered Will for a second and looked back and saw him looking around the living room aimlessly. He’d be fine, he hoped. He’d have to find his own drinks, Gordie had left them behind.

Will didn't know where to look or go now. He'd sworn he'd seen Richie go in here. He couldn't stop sweating and his body felt tight. All he could see were people from his grade who'd he'd always watched from afar. The stoners, grunge kids, the goth girls. They all towered over him, menacing swaying drunken monsters amongst the head aching club music and the disco lights flashing from one corner of the room making his head spin freakishly illuminating faces he knew but couldn't trust. He was painstakingly obviously alone.

He moves remarkably quickly when he thinks he notices Richie walk past the doorway to the kitchen but in there he finds just a group of sports kids taking shots of something that looked vile around the table. He finds where all the drinks are laid out but there's no Gordie. And no Richie. Or Mike. He needed Richie and he couldn't help but laugh at the fact he'd found someone like Richie at all. It was almost too good to be true. An ideal Mike Wheeler who was funny and sort of devilish but still kind and... Will didn't know how to describe it. He guessed layered?? Yes. Richie was layered. And then there was the same cute dainty freckles and soft brown hair and those eyes. *Those eyes*. It was so damn confusing. And on top of that Richie was interested in him! *In him!* A part of him hoped something would happen with Richie that never happened with Mike.

'Oh. Mi. Gawd.'" One of the girls from around the table squealed. She skipped over to Will and slung her arm around his shoulder, he swears she almost chokes him in the process. "Will Byers!" She screams.

Will wants to roll his eyes so hard they pop out but he doesn't want to upset her. Jennifer Hayes, Cheerleader. She sat next to him in Math and she had an infatuation with Will like he was some little chubby dwarf character that she wanted to cuddle and squeeze constantly. She was the kind of girl that if Will was out she'd

probably call him her gay best friend and ask him to shopping with her for prom dresses. Now she pulls him into a crushing hug.

“Hi Jennifer.” Will said. He forces a smile. “Are you enjoying your night?”

She giggled. “Yeah.” Then her mouth widened in a huge o. “Hey, hey, Will! You should have a drink with us!”

Will hurriedly shakes his head. “No, no. I’d love to Jennifer, really, but I gotta... go.” He pointed vaguely at someone in the hall, hoping, no praying she’d think he had friends to meet. (Which he actually did. Where the hell were they?)

Jennifer pouted and stuffed her hand in Will’s and tugged on it. “Come on, Will. You never know what might happen.” Her fingers dance across his chest and she eyes him closely.

Will’s heart rattles in his chest. *Oh god no.* Will Byers was one boy who would not succumb to Jennifer Hayes’ infamous seductions.

Brent Carter, Football player, kicked back his chair and stood with them. He shook an egg cup full of vodka in Will’s direction. “Drink, Byers. Just one drink. It’ll be fine!” He said.

*Will it though?*

Will looked at each of the players around him who all glare at him and at Jennifer still giving him that stupid sex face. He really had to do this?

There's a sudden whoosh and pop of a firework from the back garden, making the group jump. Then there's a rush of drunken people charging down the hall past the kitchen. His only exits blocked. Will figured this was what he came here to do. People come to parties to get drunk, have sex and drink vodka out of egg cups apparently. But when he had agreed to this he thought it would be with Richie and Bill and well, that was the only reason he agreed to this. Better than nothing, he supposed.

He finally took the egg cup from Brent and knocked it back. The fiery liquid feels like it's burning his insides and Will has to fight to not spit it back out.

All the football players start to laugh and Jennifer claps pathetically and Brent now hands Will the bottle. He didn't expect him to drink from this did he? He'd definitely be sick. He doesn't even think he could drink it now from the way his throat is tightening. The tightenings making it harder to breathe each second. Then the room starts to spin even though isn't moving anywhere and he can't hear Brent and Jennifer egging him on. Is this what an anxiety attack is like? Will thinks.

"Will?... Will Byers?"

Will gulped. Who the fuck now? He almost fucking drops the bottle when he looks up and sees it's Mike Wheeler who spoke. And it was definitely Mike. No glasses. A smaller nose. Neater hair.

“Hey, Mike.” He says.

“Hey man. It’s nice to see you!” Mike fist bumps his shoulder and grins from ear to ear.

Will stumbles to put the bottle down on the table so he can shake Mike’s hand and he grins back sheepishly. He realises he must look sort of starstruck right now.

Mike looks around the group once then back at Will. He grabs his shoulder and steers him towards the door. “Come on, we’ve been waiting for you.” He says.

Will’s about to question what he was talking about but he’s already out in the hall and the door is closed behind him. “Thanks, Mike. That, uh, that was something.” He says out in the hall, considerably more empty than last time.

“No worries.” Mike says. He watches Will stood there, still as small and gentle as when they were kids. He looked around at the remaining people who didn’t go to watch the fireworks who were either making out or violently head banging to the music that was still blaring through the house. “Do you wanna get out of here?” He asks Will.

Will nods frantically. Even though he could breathe okay now and the room was no longer spinning it was replaced by an equally ferocious beating of his heart. “Yeah, that’d be... great.”

Mike takes him by the arm and leads him upstairs. As they go Will glances Bill and Richie sat close on the couch, sitting close enough so they could hear each other speak over the drumming of the music.

Bill twiddles his hair and leans on the back of the couch and he listens to Richie talk, bewitched a little as Richie sits across from him a smirk playing at his lips as he told a story, sticking slurring accents in there and accentuating with his hands. Bill starts to laugh as Richie hit his punchline, he wheezes from laughing so much.

“You are disgusting.” He says, his voice shaky.

Richie positively glows at him. Bill took in his face, he seemed satisfied with something, proud, and that filled Bill up with a gooey sense of contentment. His gaze lands on Richie’s lips which were so perfectly shaped and light pink and curved up into a soft smile. Bill’s ears heat up and for a second he thinks he could melt right into the carpet. He looks away and takes a sip of his drink.

“Do you miss it? Derry.” Bill asks.

Richie bites the inside of his lip. “Yeah. I don’t know what’s there for me if I go back though.”

“I’m sure Bev is saving herself for you.” Bill says, smirking.



Richie laughs and shakes his head. "No, it's not like that." He thinks for a moment and swirls around the beer in his cup. "I don't think she'd be very happy with me now if it was."

Bill sits forward and watches Richie. "Why not?" He asks.

Richie shrugs.

"What, Rich?" Bill says.

"Ah fuck it! There was a rough break up with my boyfriend before I left."

"Oh..." That wasn't meant to come out bad Bill was just surprised. He thought maybe Richie had tried something on with Bev or maybe broke something but he never thought a boyfriend was involved. "What happened? If you don't mind me asking."

Richie sighed and look at him. "He was called Stan and our relationship had had it's ups and downs but we always came back together pretty well after a few days. This fight was huge though and I haven't heard a word from him or Bev or Eddie or any of the other guys since." He looks past Bill now, his face empty of all emotion.

Bill nudges him. "Huh-hey but you're one of us now right? Chris Chambers' best friend. You're our t-ticket into popular kid parties."

Richie laughed then smiles contently “Yeah. I’m surprised you actually came.”

“Of course I did. I said I would wouldn’t I?”

“It’s just weird isn’t it? This summer you were getting ice cream with Will’s mom and now you’re here.” Richie says.

Bill scrunched his eyebrows together. “What’s that supposed to mean?”

Richie looked at him like it was obvious. “Well, It’s a big difference. Going from ice cream and a Star Wars movie to getting drunk at a house party with normal teenagers.”

Bill frowned. Is that what Richie thought? That Bill and his friends weren’t normal because they didn’t go drinking at the weekends and somehow his idea of fun with his friends were less than getting drunk in a field with your ex-best friend.

Bill narrowed his eyes at Richie. “I-I-I see what’s huh-happening. You thought you’d come help this p-p-p-poor little nerd group and bring them to hang out with the oh so mighty cuh-cool kids for once? Wuh-wow, I’m so grateful you let us mere mortals join you, Richie.” He says it all in on long spout of words, unaware of just how much his voice was raising.

Richie’s face dropped. He looked like he’d been punched in the

stomach. "That's not what i meant, B-B-Bill. You just aren't regular guys. You don't drink, party. I mean Will's so innocent you'd think he was a child."

Bill stands and looks down at Richie, his face is knotted together furiously. "A-a-and I suppose that makes Will less than you doesn't it?" He asks.

Will was one of the nicest people Bill knew. He didn't care about what others around him were doing and he walked a path that was completely his own no matter if no one else would take it with him. He was Bill's best friend who had given Bill everything he needed in not just a friend but someone to admire. And someone thinking Will wasn't a 'regular person' or 'normal' because he didn't drink or hook up with people like everybody else or run his mouth or like girls like everyone else that infuriated him.

Bill basically throws his drink down on the table. "Think about yourself before you take pity on others, Richie. Because you seemed pretty damn miserable when you told your best summer story." He told him before walking away from him.

Bill continues going, out of the living room, into the hall and through the open front door. He'd wait outside until the party was over then walk Gordie and Will home, he just needed to stay away from this goddamn party.

He couldn't believe that he thought Richie was a good person, funny, even a little cute. Okay, maybe a lot cute. It's suddenly put in perspective for him that this whole week he'd been running away with the idea of this cute, funny guy somehow wanting to be his friend, actually seeing him and thinking he was important. But Richie

thought the same as everyone else at this fucking school. They all just thought they were above him and his friends. Like their lives were so great. More like miserable he thought.

“THIS ISN’T WHAT IS SUPPOSED TO HAPPEN! THIS IS THE PART WHERE YOU’RE SUPPOSED TO KISS ME!” Richie shouted after him.

Bill stopped. He looked back and saw Richie standing in the doorway of the house, tears starting to stream down his face and his chest heaving over and over. Bill couldn’t help but feel a drag on his heart despite how mad he was at him. Bill started to walk back to him, not thinking about why he was doing it.

“I’m sorry, Bill. I just- I keep saying all the wrong things. With Stan. With Bev. And now you.” He sniffled between sobs. “Why do I always fuck everything up?” He punched the wall then, making a crack sound ring out and he jumps back and clutches his hand in pain.

Bill wasn’t mad at him then. All he saw was exactly what he thought Richie was someone who was miserable but he was also someone who didn’t know what they were doing and he was hiding that. And Bill Denbrough just wanted to hold him close and help him and to some way somehow just make these tears stop. He’d do anything for it.

Bill cups his face then kisses him. Richie tenses up then slackens into Bill’s grip, letting the other boy explore his mouth and guide him to lean flat against the hallway wall.

Richie pulls back, he searches Bill’s face and he looks into those green

eyes and feels numb. "Bill, I-I don't think it's a bad thing. I wish I could be more like you guys. All you need to be happy is Gordie and Will and that's- that is so special." His voice is a whisper and a raspy squeak.

The taller boy hushes him.

Bill thought back to all those times Richie would excuse himself, tell people that he didn't mean things, that he was just joking around. He was starting to think underneath Richie just wanted to have friends, to feel like he was a part of something so he was overconfident, made crude jokes, tried to push himself onto people and that the stupid things he said were like his curse. He just wanted people to like him.

"It's okay, Richie. I understand. I-I'll try to." Bill says honestly.

Richie smiles, his cheeks swell up and his eyelids glisten with happy tears now.

Bill removes his glasses and wipes the tears away with his thumb then shakes his head gently at him. He then moves his hands down to his hips and kisses him again. Richie is the one to deepen the kiss this time. He grabs a fist full of Bill's hair and pulls him in closer so he can get more of him. Bill fumbles for the door knob of the closet next to them and both boys stumble in.

Above them Mike and Will had crawled through a window and out onto the roof. The music was quieter up here and few people could see them. They sat side by side not too far from the window talking for what felt like hours. Just that. Will felt at ease (as at ease as he

could be when he terrified of getting his footing wrong and sliding off this fucking roof) which surprised him because all these years he had been thinking about why he and Mike had spread apart and he was scared of them coming back together because he thought Mike might be different now. He wanted to keep Mike as the kind, emotional boy who let him talk and not only understood but related to him. Mike was always able to give Will so much, even in something as subtle as a look or a smile. They understood each other on a whole other level.

The idea that a moment like this would happen, Mike and Will just happening to come together again like some kind of weird twist of fate, and Mike wouldn't have the time for Will anymore or he did but now he wasn't as soft spoken, he was brutish and was far from the level of comfort and understanding that he and Will had found all those years ago. That would ruin him worse than never talking to Mike again. Perhaps that was why he stayed away for so long.

Will needed to know what had gone wrong, he thought no matter how long they sat there and how at home he felt the question of what had really happened would always gnaw at him. Now they were here being able to talk as freely as they had before he thought it was as good a time as any to just ask.

"Why did we stop talking for so long? I... I missed it." He watches a group of smokers at the end of the garden below them as he asks this. Mike is watching him but he doesn't dare return the gaze.

Mike shrugs and mulls it over. "I think I just outgrew it. Not you. I mean like DnD and the arcade and comic books. Didn't you?"

Will feels the gnawing stop immediately. Phew, he thinks, it wasn't him.

He shrugs. "I don't know. I still read comics sometimes and the arcades cool I guess." He says quietly.

Mike smirks and Will looks at him.

"You're still the same little boy I was best friends with all those years ago, aren't you?"

Will nods.

Mike nods, his eyes softening. He squeezes Will's shoulder nicely. "Good. That little boy is one of the greatest people I know." He says.

Will feels his heart jolt and he pulls his knee up to his chest to keep himself held together.

A long moment of silence passes between them.

"I never told you but..." Mike thinks something over for a second. He smiles watching Will's hands tugging on a loose thread on his jeans. "Do you remember the first day that we met? It was..."

"The first day of kindergarten."

“Yeah, yeah.” He smiles even more at that and looks down and blushes, He hadn’t thought that he’d remember like he did. “It was recess and everyone had someone to play with but me. I just remember for the first time ever feeling so alone and so scared.” Mike looks up and sees Will watching him, a small smile starting to spread on his face. That sweet smile that he remembered so well. Mike leaned closer to him. “But... I saw you on the swings and you were alone too. You were just swinging by yourself. And I just walked up to you and I asked. I asked if you wanted to be my friend. And you said yes. *You said yes* . It was the best thing I’ve ever done.”

Will looked like he could cry and he doesn’t know where the confidence comes from but he puts his hand on top of Mike’s hand on his knee where he had been neatly resting them. Will’s heart jumps into his throat for those breath seconds before Mike’s fingers curl up to grip his own.

“That was your best thing? Out of everything? Even Jane?” He asked, leaning forward too.

Mike bit his lip and sniffled back tears. He feels like he could collapse off this roof any second. “Yeah. It’s always been you, Will.”

“Mike...” Will says, not sure what to say. That had always been his best thing too and he’d always imagined himself telling Mike that one day, never the other way around. He searches Mike’s face, searching for a reason he loved him after all this time, questioning if Mike could possibly feel the same.

Mike answered that unspoken question for him when he inched forward and connected their lips. Will immediately tightened his grip on Mike’s hand and his other hand flailed up to grab Mike’s arm,



being sure he'd lose balance and fall off this damn roof if he didn't. Mike curves his arm around to support Will's back and pull him in just a little closer. The kiss wasn't rushed or messy, it was gentle, delicate, slow. Mike pulled back first, smiling at the blush spread across Will's cheeks and neck.

Will did know why he loved him. He was so perfectly Mike, not like Richie who was *very* unMike. Richie was fiery, disconnected from his world. But Mike fitted him just right.

Then police lights flash across the front lawn and sirens blared out, deafening the two boys. Police cars screech to a halt outside the gate and the boys can just make out the towering figure of Chief Jim Hopper coming down the garden path.

"Fuck!" Will yelps. "My Mom's going to kill me."

The two boys look at each other and break into fits of giggles.

Will hits Mike's arm playful. "I'm serious! We need to leave! I'm supposed to be at Bill's for a sleepover." He says between laughs.

Mike takes Will's hand and helps him back across the roof and through the window and out onto the upstairs landing where there were now loads of party goers rushing out of bedrooms and down the stairs.

"I need to find Bill and Gordie!" Will shouts over all the noise.

Mike looks around agitated. "Find them! There's a wall at the end of the back garden that's small enough to climb over. Then go across the field and through the woods and that will take you to Mirkwood and you can get home from there. I've gotta find Chris."

Will smiles at the made up name from their childhood. Mike smiles back at him and Will leans up on his tip toes and kisses Mike quickly on the lips.

"Don't tell anyone, okay?" Mike says.

Will nods. "Okay. Nice seeing you again, Wheeler."

Mike grins. "Yeah, you too, Byers." Mike turns and runs down the hall and bangs on the last bedroom three times with his fist. "Chris, pull out of whatever girl you have in there and get out here now!" He shouts through the door.

Will giggles at that and runs downstairs. Bill is getting out of a closet when he gets downstairs, his auburn hair roughed up all over. Will gets a pang of curiosity and stretches to get a look inside at who Bill might've gotten lucky with but Bill slams the door shut behind him immediately and shakes his head at his friend.

"Where's Gordie and Richie?" Will asks.

“R-R-R-Richie is getting h-his own ride huh-home and I h-h-h-have no idea where G-G-Gordie is.” Bill replies. He blushes and awkwardly looks around in a dazed sort of way.

Mike is coming down the stairs down followed by a annoyed looking Chris who's in only jeans. The two stop Hopper at the door start talking with him.

Will takes that as their cue to leave and grabs Bill's arm and pulls him out the back door. Together they run across the back lawn in the pitch black, their fellow drunk classmates running alongside them. A few times Bill stumbles and falls and Will helps him back up and put his arm around him for support.

“How much did you drink, William number one?” Will asks, using their nickname for each other that they had had since they met.

“I-I duh-d-don't know, Wuh-William number t-t-two. Richie can guh-get out of h-h-hand.” He slurs back, becoming a dead weight in Will's arms.

Will has to half carry him the rest of the way. He climbs over the wall first then after some reassurance for the other boy he takes Bill's hand and helps him climb over too. But Bill's foot catches on something and Bill falls on top of Will leaving both boys flat on their backs in the grass and laughing at the starry sky above them. They clutched their hands together tightly and both thought of how beautiful each glittering star was, both thinking that they weren't comparable to their own boys they had kissed tonight. Unbeknownst to them after this wild night they both held a equally beautiful secret close to their hearts and so did their missing friend too. They were blissfully unaware of how lucky and in love they were.

## **Notes for the Chapter:**

oh what will they do??

sooo there we have it! the wild night! next chapter will be the final one however i have things planned for this universe as you may have noticed i've added it to a collection.

hope you enjoyed it. I think i did fairly well and writing down what i had envisioned. lemme know what you think in the comments theyre greatly appreciated.

### 3. confession

The morning after a party you usually wake with an aching head like no other, one that aches so much that it weighs you down in your bed, not really because you can't move but you just don't want to. That's how Gordie felt. He lay back looking at a big patch of mould on the ceiling. He occasionally stole glances at Chris who was sat with a cold cup of morning coffee in his lap and looking through the thin crack in his curtains, unaware his boyfriend was awake. The light seeping through freakishly illuminates Chris' blue eyes and Gordie shivers. He glances over his well arched eyebrows and his long pushed back golden hair and his strong tan shoulders, his collarbones boldly standing out. Gordie smiled and glowed inside his heart knowing that for the first time Chris had given himself to him the night before and Gordie had given himself to Chris. Despite the soreness on his lower half adding to the aching in his head and making him feel more like utter shit that knowledge just made Gordie a little bit happy. He felt a strange feeling which he never associated with his relationship with Chris before. It was contentment. His relationship with Chris was usually dangerous, rushed and new and there was this mutual feeling that it didn't need to last forever, it was just great right now. But now Gordie felt like what he had with Chris was all he ever needed. He questioned if Chris walked out of this room right now and never came back would there be anything left for him?

"Hey you!" Chris says, his eyes sparkle when he notices the other boy awake. He gets up and walks over to sit on the bed beside Gordie.

Gordie smiles and rubs his eyes. "What time is it?" He asked.

"About 2. You slept so long I didn't wanna wake you." He patts down Gordie's hair. "I reckoned you'd need your sleep after last night. You were tired out." He smirked, flirtatiously eyeing up his boyfriend.

Gordie ignores the flirting and sits bolt right up. "Shit! I missed the movie." He says, clamoring for his phone on the bedside table.

Chris hit his forehead with his hand. "Fuck, I forgot. Sorry Gordo. Your phones been buzzing all morning."

Gordie finds multiple messages from Will and a missed call.

**[10:41] Steam Boat Willy:** Good morning Gords! Hangover not too bad i hope, eh? lol. Sorry we bailed on you last night. The cops were there and i couldnt let hop see me. Where did you go anyways?? Hope you ended up somewhere safe! Let me know if you can still make it today. We're meeting at the artcraft at 12.

**[12:09] Steam Boat Willy:** Gordie i'm at the artcraft where are you?

**[12:14] Steam Boat Willy:** Gords, look its okay if you cant make it just please at least let me know youre okay and somewhere safe. Im so so sorry, Gords, i shoukdve come and found you before we left. Pls call me when you get this. XX

Gordie felt guilt drop down on him. Will could be a real Mom friend when he over thought things, normally overthinking things to the worst case scenario possible. His panic induced mind probably jumped right to kidnapping or worse he was expecting to find bones next. He quickly typed back a reply.

**[2:32] Gordo from Lizzie McGuire:** shit man, don't worry about it! im shitty for forgetting about the movie. im safe i slept over at

chris's. hope the day wasn't spoiled

He'd mentioned Chris as a last thought that he meant to erase and his heartbeat quickened when he realised what he'd sent. It wasn't much but Gordie never slipped up, he never associated himself with knowing Chris at all even in the slightest way. It'd be enough for Will to click at least something. He showed Chris the text and he nodded.

"You're nodding?" Gordie says, looking down at the screen and waiting for the three bubbles to signify Will typing back. He wasn't blowing this out of proportion was he?

He nodded again and smiles smugly.

"Don't you think this is big? I just basically told Will I slept with you."

Chris rolls his eyes. "You didn't tell him you slept with me."

Gordie tutted at him. "You don't know Will. He'll read into it." He told him. He clicked the screen on again and jumped slightly when he saw the three bubbles and then he waited, tapping a finger on the side of the phone and chewing the inside of his cheek.

**[2:34] Steam Boat Willy:** That's nice of him! Soo you know Chris Chambers now? ;)) day wasn't ruined I found someone to go with!

Gordie let out a frustrated huff of air and let his head hit the pillow.

“See! ‘So you know Chris Chambers now? Winky face.’” He folded the pillow over his face and screamed into it.

Chris looked at his and Gordie’s feet side by side on the bed and mulled something over that he’d been trying to work out whilst Gordie slept. Last night whilst in his drunken state he had taken Gordie’s hand and walked him through a party full of friends who didn’t know his biggest, deepest kept secret. There with Gordie he felt less... heavy. It was like freedom. He felt like he was able to completely and utterly be himself. Like he had always been around Gordie.

“Will finding out might not be such a bad thing.” Chris finally says.

Gordie peeks around the pillow. “Huh?”

Chris smiled at Gordie, his love showed in the blush in his cheeks. “I’ve been thinking it might be time we start telling people about us.”

Gordie sits bolt right up again and puts his hands together over his mouth. “Chris...” He says, his words come out in a quiet whimper.

Chris leans forward and places a hand on his knee. “We don’t have to if you’re not ready.” He consoles him.

Gordie shakes his head. “No, I want to.” He squeezes Chris’ hand and smiles happily. “I was waiting for you. I didn’t know if you were ready yet.”



Chris squeezes his hand back and smiles with reassurance. "I'm ready, Gordo." He says.

Gordie took a calm smooth breath. This was all he'd been dreaming of and now it was here it was less of an exhilarating, burst of excitement, full of expectations of all the out and proud days to come. Instead he felt more weightless, like this aching in the back of his head was now gone and he was finally able to breath properly. However it was replaced by a barrel of nerves right at the bottom of his stomach. He was completely clueless of how he'd go about being out and telling people. Not that he was ashamed. It's just awkward... He almost kicked himself at not being prepared for it. Little did he know it was a thing you can never be 100% prepared for.

"How do we even do it? How do you tell your friends you've had a secret boyfriend for a year?" Gordie asks, deep in thought.

Chris chews on it for a second. "Well, my friends are downstairs right now, most of them crashed in the living room after last night, and I don't see the point in delaying it so how about we go introduce you right now?" He asks, watching Gordie closely. "If you're up to it, of course." He added.

Gordie nodded. There was no point in delaying it. He felt his cheeks, they were burning red and clammy. "I need to clean up first." He said.

He swung his legs off the side of the bed and stood, he was in just his boxers showing off his short and thin, tanned legs.

Chris whistled as he walked past him, looking him up and down and biting his lip. "What a fine piece of ass!" He chuckled.

Gordie hit him on his arm. "Shut up!" He scolded, although not hiding the still present smile and blush on his face.

He grabbed his clothes and headed to Chris' ensuite bathroom, reading Will's last message over and over as he walked and closed the door behind himself. He stared back at himself in the mirror. Coming out. Everything would be different now. And he'd be there with Chris for every step of the way. A part of him liked that companionship, especially with Chris after being in the dark so long but a part that said the first step should be on his own also nagged at him. Gay people usually had to find the strength on their own to present themselves to the world and not that he wasn't grateful for Chris' part in all this but he felt like when he looked back on it in a few years he'd regret not taking on that challenge on his own, it'd feel like less of an accomplishment.

He turned on the tap, relishing in the hot water running over his fingertips then splashing it on his face. He brought up Will's contact and dialled his number. Will would be the easiest to talk to, the kid was an open book and cared the least about how other people decided to live their lives. Plus Bill and Richie would make a big show of it which he didn't want right now and Will was closer to both of them than Gordie ever was and having Will on his side would make things ten times easier when he got around to telling them. Somehow he knew Will would definitely be on his side.

"Hello?" Will answered after two or three rings.

“Hi Will!” Gordie shot back, kicking himself when he realised how falsely chirpy he was being.

“Hey... Are you okay, Gords? Have you left Chris’ yet?” He says, concerned. Gordie can picture him laid back on his bed and stopping the twiddling of the pencil he had between his fingers to pay extra close attention.

“About that, uh...” Gordie looks up at the flickering bathroom light overhead, hoping it would give him the perfect words to say this but nothing came. He took a long deep irritated breath. Here goes nothing. “Me and Chris, uh, we... we- we had sex last night.”

“Oh... that’s great, Gordie.” Will replies, he doesn’t sound surprised.

“And it wasn’t the first time.”

“Okay.” He said, rather presumptuously.

“Not the sex! The sex was a first. We’ve been dating for a year. I’m not a sex fiend, I swear!” Gordie blurts out.

Will giggles. “Okay, Gordie.”

There’s a moment of comfortable silence between them. Gordie smiles like a complete goofball into the phone’s receiver.

“That’s huge, Gords. I’m so happy for you.” He can hear the smile in Will’s voice.

“Thanks.”

“Me too.”

“Wait, what?” Gordie asks, confused.

“I said me too.”

“You had sex with Chris?”

“Oh god no! I’m gay for fucksake.” Will laughed.

“No kidding?” Gordie replies sarcastically. It wasn’t exactly a surprise to anyone that Will was gay. They’d all had their suspicions at one point. “Does anyone else know?” He asks.

“Just Bill.” Will answers, not missing a beat.

“Oh you told Bill?” Gordie says, trying his best to bite back a bitter tone. He knew Will and Bill were closer and shared a lot more secrets

than he knew but he tried to ignore the fact. Actually he had been using his secret with Chris as a way to get back at them privately. To think Will was gay and Bill had known and been fine with it this whole time made him feel a little foolish as well. He could've just done this whole coming out thing a lot sooner.

There's a pause from the other end of the line as Will chuckles softly remembering coming out to Bill. "I told him I liked Tom Holland's ass during a game of truth or dare at his place during Sophomore year." He told him.

Gordie sniggered. "Seriously?"

"Seriously. I should mention I also told him I was gay right before making that statement. I don't go around commenting on the asses of british twinkles just out of the blue." He added, the humour still in his voice.

"You're right though. That's a good ass."

Both boys are just laughing through their phones now. Like in hysteric fits of giggles. It wasn't that funny but it's probably all the confessing, losing that weight on their shoulders makes them ten times more vulnerable to the embarrassed giggles.

"I'm going to go, Will. Chris is waiting for me." Gordie eventually says. Something pangs in his heart at just being able to casually bring Chris up to Will now like that.

“OOOOH!” Will coos first, making Gordie blush. “Okay, Gords. I’ll see you on Monday. It was good talking with you. Don’t worry, I won’t tell anyone about you two unless you want me to.”

“Thanks, Will. I’ll let you know.” Gordie said, grinning as he hung up the phone.

He puts his phone down on the side of the sink and looks up at the mirror in front of him. He smiles madly back at himself. He's surprised he doesn't look any different, just happier. He dressed and left the bathroom.

Chris is now dressed in a white t shirt and some tracky bottoms. He puts his arm around Gordie’s shoulder and the smaller boy leaned into him, feeling safer and more stable when he was close to him.

“Are you ready?” Chris asked, pecking him on the head.

Gordie only nods and hastily tries to tame his hair.

Chris laughs and pushes his hand away. “They're all straight boys, they don't care how you look.” He tells him, swinging open his bedroom door.

Gordie’s feet feel like hard stone, rooting him to the spot so Chris is practically dragging him along. It felt ten times more terrifying to confront Chris’ friends than his own. Chris’ friends were always sort of enigmatic strangers to him, that he never dreamed of even talking

to. He clung onto what little he knew of Mike Wheeler from Will's kind words and that gave him a small ounce of solace.

Downstairs the various throw pillows and blankets are left abandoned in the living room amongst empty cups and beer bottles.

"Teddy, no! I swear to god you'll break something!" They can hear a laughing Lucas saying from the kitchen over the top of a Dustin belly laugh.

There's a clank and a rolling sound then rushed scattering.

Chris barges in, finding his friends on all fours trying to scrap pancake batter off the tiled floor back into a pan.

"For fucksake, Teddy! You're a fucking idiot. If we leave a mess my old man will murder me!" Chris snaps.

Teddy Duchamp, Dustin Henderson and Lucas Sinclair all sit up in a circle and stare at each other sheepishly. Dustin and Teddy bite back laughs, burning red in the face. One look at Chris' scowling mug and it tips them over the edge exploding into giggle fits.

Gordie can't help but laugh too. Chris pissed off was a funny thing after all. Dustin catches wind of him then and narrows his eyes at him for a moment then just laughs back at him. Gordie feels that warm his heart.

Chris groans and shakes his head. “Where is Mike?” He asks.

The boys finish scrapping up what they can of the batter and stand up.

Teddy chuckled and bopped his head in a weird sort of way. “He left really early this morning. He was in a rush. Probably running back to his snatch from last night, huh, boys?” Teddy says, grabbing his crotch and thrusting the air.

“Teddy, be quiet just this one fucking time.” Dustin hushes him. He looks between Gordie and Chris. “Go ahead, Chris.”

Chris covers his face with his hand. “Guys, this is...” He mumbles, gesturing to Gordie.

“Gordie Lachance.” Gordie finished, stepping towards them and smiling. He extended his hand to shake with each boy, earning nods from Dustin and Lucas and an intimidating frown from Teddy which makes him shuffle nervously on the spot.

“Guys...” Chris starts.

He looks at Teddy, Lucas and Dustin like he was inspecting them. He was hoping they'd somehow know what he wanted to say.



“Me and Gordie have been dating for a year.” He eventually says, giving up on hoping.

In the space of about 3 seconds a bright grin spreads across Dustin's face, Lucas' lips form a large O shape and Teddy stares at Gordie up and down.

Then Teddy squares up to Chris. “Your queer now, Chambers?” Teddy questions.

Gordie swears he sees Chris suck in his stomach a bit.

“Yes, Teddy. I have been ever since I met Gordie.” Chris replied curtly.

Dustin and Lucas are vigilant as they watch Chris and Teddy stare each other down. Things bottling up and turning savage between Chris and Teddy was common and both Dustin and Lucas had learned to recognise the signs and keep them at bay should the need arise.

Teddy breaks into a surprising smile and nods.

“I’m happy for you, brother.” Teddy says, extending his arm which Chris firmly takes and shakes.

Chris smiles back. “Thanks, Ted.” He says.

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The wind snatches Richie's shirt back against his torso and his hair blows away from his eyes just right. He twists his bike through the school gates and tilts his head side to side in a big show as the song he was listening to through his earphones reaches the chorus. He kicks his feet out and digs his heels into the dirt as he approaches the bike sheds, scattering muck up behind him.

After setting his bike in the shed aside his friends own bikes, he travels through the crowds towards the football field and stretches on his tippy toes above their heads to get the best look to find wherever Bill is waiting for him.

Bill had been ringing around in his head all night. The feel of the him, the *taste* of him in that small closet and *oh the breathing* , how it had been tight and so desperate. His stutter was brought out fully, making him fumble and whine in the most delightful way over Richie's name. It was all Richie could think about and all he wanted to feel again and again and again until he tired of him, which frankly Richie imagined never happening.

He spotted Bill sat on a bench waiting for him, as he always did every morning. He swerved around behind Bill and put his arms around his waist and planted a huge slobbery kiss on his cheek, making the other boy jump.

Bill smacks Richie's arm. "Fuh-f-fuck, Tozier! Not here!" he scolds, taking Richie's arm and pulling him towards the football field and under the bleachers.

Once undercover Richie swings Bill against a post and holds him in place by the hips. He leans up and dances his lips across Bill's.

Both boys then smile at each other, trying their hardest to take a thousand mental pictures of the others beautiful face all at once.

"Hey, Billiam." Richie giggles lightly. "Have you listened to the song yet? I haven't stopped listening to it all weekend."

"What song?" He replies.

"Stuck With Me by the Neighbourhood. It played when we first kissed at the party the other night." Richie tells him, taking out one of his earphones and putting it in Bill's ear, continuing to hold his cheek as the chorus blasted into Bill's ear.

Bill grins back at him ridiculously and slowly bobs his head in a dazed motion to the music. He lovingly leans down and takes Richie's lips again, this time pushing himself onto the smaller boy and taking in the taste of his rough lips.

Richie pulls away, breathing heavily and rests his chin on Bill's shoulder, hugging his strong frame close to himself. They both listen to each other breathe. Bill is completely content with Richie's body heat against his and the feeling of Richie's soft curls running through his fingers.

“You are stuck with me, so I guess I’ll be sticking with you” Richie sings in Bill’s other ear which to Bill is the prettiest and most soothing sound in the world.

As they sway together Bill feels so relaxed and at ease being with Richie he thinks he can fall asleep standing up right here. Then his heart jumps as he spots two other boys not far from them, the taller of the two is sat on one of the metal beams of the bleachers structure with the much smaller boy nestled between his open legs. Bill watches as the taller boy plants three little kisses on the small boys neck, lingering on the last one and sucking sweetly into the pale skin found there.

Bill flinches and feels wrong watching them, he’s about to look away but recognises the freckles and the neat dark brown hair of the taller boy. It’s Mike Wheeler. That makes him even more uncomfortable and he’s about to ask Richie, who had also turned to see what Bill was looking at, if they can leave when he notices something else about the smaller boy. The thin frame of his body, the messy brown hair and the tattered red sneakers with *The Flash* lightning bolts down the side. He’d recognise them anywhere.

“What the fuck?!” Bill yells.

Will twirls around with wide panicked eyes and leaps back into Mike’s lap when he sees Bill standing there. He’s speechless.

“Shit!” Mike hisses. He actually tries to duck to hide behind Will’s smaller body.

Richie howls with laughter. “Get it, Cuz!” He shouts over.

Bill feels frozen to the spot without words. Will Byers, his cute baby best friend, getting love bites under the bleachers from Mike freakin’ Wheeler? How had that even happened? It blew Bill’s mind. And there’s a little pang of jealousy that he buries down. He hadn’t even considered them seeing himself and Richie in such a... intimate state yet.

He had to think quickly as Will was sheepishly dragging Mike over to them.

“Don’t let us interrupt, Mikey. Butter that biscuit! Smack the salmon! Lust and thrust!” Richie chortles.

“Shut the fuck up asshole!” Mike hisses, shooting him daggers like he’d killed someone.

Will blushes and stands on the balls of his feet and stares nervously at Bill.

“When did this happen?” Bill asks, like a parent scolding their child.

“Um, I- I...” Will blurts out, struggling to form words under Bill’s gaze but the circular motion of Mike’s hand on his back helps. “Bill, the thing is-”

“What’s going on?” He is interrupted.

Gordie is ducking under the bleachers. His lithe body is hidden underneath a thick red jump that is about three sizes too large for him. But that isn’t even the weirdest thing about Gordie on this strange Monday morning that was getting stranger and stranger every moment. The weirdest thing was that Chris Chambers followed Gordie under the bleachers and wrapped his arm around his waist as they walked over.

“You too?!” Both Mike and Bill say, infuriated.

Will quietly smiles at them, having known and being waiting for this to happen all along. Next to him Richie is grinning from ear to ear like he’d just being handed the best gift in the world.

“What? What’s got you guys so messed up?” Chris asks, both boys look concerned at their friends

Mike and Bill jump to reply, both yelling some sharp questions about what on earth was going on, why everyone suddenly had lives outside of their tight knit friendship groups that they had kept for the past four years and being met by Chris failing to keep some sort of calm. This is clashed by Richie making some obnoxious group sex joke over the top of them all.

Gordie and Will are caught in the middle of it, swapping annoyed, on edge glances. Both of them trying to nudge the other to intervene with a lot of wide eyes and eyebrow signals. Eventually Will takes it upon himself to step up when Mike and Bill start to advance on each

other.

“If we all just stopped shouting and talk like civilised people we’d get this sorted! Come on now, Bill! Mike!” He says, raising his voice and stretching his arms between them. But it’s pointless, he doesn’t get through at all.

“Oh shut it!” A seventh voice yells, making them all jump and go silent.

A senior is watching them through the gap between the benches. She’s Indian and the corners of her eyes are covered with a thick layer of black eyeliner and her hair is purple.

“Just get over it, will you?” She tells them. “He slept with him, he slept with him and he slept with him. It’s as simple as that.” She points at each of the couples in turn as she speaks.

Richie is wearing a face of delight which disgusts Mike.

“We did not sleep together.” Mike assures Bill’s judging glare. “And who the hell are you?” He directs at the girl.

She chuckles. “Names Kali Prasad, pretty boy, and you haven’t yet but just you wait. ”

Kali turns around and points to a black girl watching them on the

other side of the pitch. They smile sweetly at each other.

“That’s my girlfriend Mick.” She says. “I won’t lie to you it was hard when we came out to our Moms and Dads and everyone at school, but we came out to our friends first and they made it so so much easier. And there was such a huge weight lifted off our shoulders. Be honest with each other and I promise you you’ll be grateful for it later.”

Bill, Mike, Richie and Chris share looks, each one of them not wanting to be the one to start talking first, and Mike and Bill a little annoyed at Kali’s presence.

But Gordie and Will are more than ready to step up.

“Me and Chris have been dating in private since junior year.” Gordie says, he snuggles into Chris’ side.

Chris nods. “We decided to tell you guys today actually, before this whole mess. We told the rest of the guys and Will on Saturday.” He says, particularly at Mike.

Will nods and stands beside them. “Yes, he was going to tell you.” Then Will gulps. “Me and Mike were friends when we were little and I saw him for the first time in years at the party. And, well... it just happened.”

Bill is still looking at him with the same look in his eyes.



“I’m sorry, Bill. I was going to tell you. You’re my best friend, how couldn’t I?” Will tells him, pleading with him now.

Bill takes Will’s hand and squeezes. He looks into his eyes as if he was committing everything about him to memory. “It’s fine, Will. I-I-I just huh-hope he treats you right.” He’s smiling now and nodding reassuringly. “And Mike, if you hurt Will in anyway I hope you know I will become very very nasty.” He doesn’t look away from Will whilst saying this and turns cold as can be.

Will squeezes his hand back and hugs him, stretching up on his tiptoes to fondly feel the hair on the back of his head. The two best friends part after a few moments.

“So what happened with you two?” Mike asks, glaring at his cousin.

Richie smiles the widest smile they’ve ever seen. “It was so hot” He starts.

“We argued then I kissed him to shut him up.” Bill said blankly and rolling his eyes at Richie.

The boys all look around at each other, laughter bubbling in each of their stomachs, even Mike. It doesn’t take long until they’re all giggling along, each couple relaxing in each others presence.

Kali sits back and watches them with a smile tugging at her lips. Mick joins her at her side and twines their fingers together and kisses her cheek.

“Gay teenage boys, ever the dramatics.” Kali says, love in her voice.

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

soo that concludes this three-part story! hope you liked it! i'm certainly very happy with how it turned out

a sequel is possible as i've already planted the starts of a plot for it but we'll see if it happens.

kudos and comments or maybe messages to my twitter @thebloodrobin are very appreciated and would help me out a lot with motivation for a sequel!

#### 4. sequel. (temporary chapter)

quick shout out to the sequel to this story in case you missed it. it can be found [here](#) or within the series this story had been put in.

once again thanks for the support on this fic and i would really appreciate it on the sequel as well :))

#### **Author's Note:**

its kinda been my dream for a while now to have these three ships that i love so much together in one fic so i thought why not do it?

i've been working on this for soooo long and became so long that i decided to cut it here and post it in two parts instead of the one i planned. but im very glad how this first part turned out and hope you are too! lemme know if you did like it in the comments and i hope you have a great new year! <33